

THE GATEWAY

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SIX PAGES

Xmas Fund to Benefit From Student Talent

Senate of University Meets; Provost Presents Report

(University Press Release, Nov. 23)

The Senate of the University of Alberta held its regular semi-annual meeting last week-end under the chairmanship of the Chancellor, the Honorable Mr. Justice Ford. There were also present: Dr. R. Newton, President; Dr. R. K. Gordon, Acting Dean, Faculty of Arts and Science; Rev. A. D. Miller, Principal, St. Stephen's College; Mr. James Fowler, Principal, Provincial Institute of Technology and Art; Rev. J. H. Garden, Principal, Mount Royal College; Dr. G. B. Sanford, President, Alumni Association; the Hon. Mr. Justice Macdonald, Vice-President of the Alumni Association; Dean R. S. L. Wilson and Dr. John Macdonald, representing the General Faculty Council; Mr. Donald Cameron, Director, Department of Extension; Mr. A. E. Harper, President, Students' Union; Mr. Sam Porter, Calgary, representing agriculture; Mr. H. A. Howard, Calgary, representing business; Mr. R. T. Alderman, Calgary, representing labor; Mr. H. A. Howard, Calgary, representing public education; Mr. A. E. Ottewill, Registrar of the University.

The full vacancy created by the resignation of Miss Annie M. Tilley, O.B.E., Lethbridge, who has left the province, the statutory members of the Senate appointed Mr. G. C. Paterson, K.C., Lethbridge. Further consideration was given to a submission from the Calgary Branch of the Engineering Institute of Canada asking that arrangements be made to offer first-year engineering courses in that city. The Senate recommended that this be considered favorably when the courses of the proposed Calgary branch of the University are being established in post-war years.

A submission from the Alberta Federation of Home and School Associations asked that university entrance requirements be brought into line with the broadened curriculum of the secondary schools of the province. Since this is an old problem which appears not to have been adjusted anywhere, owing to the divergent interests and aims of secondary and higher education, it was suggested that an effort might be made to solve it in this province through the agency of a joint committee representative of both the secondary schools and the University.

Another recommendation made by the Federation was that two persons, a man and a woman, be appointed to give guidance to students during their first year. It was pointed out that a system of guidance had been in effect during the last twenty-five years and was being constantly strengthened. Not only was there this year two such persons with special training in student guidance, but they were supported by thirty other carefully selected consultants to first year students.

A thoughtful letter from Mr. Arthur E. Jones, Edmonton, stressed the importance of maintaining the University as an institution serving all the people of the province, and also of giving more careful guidance to students to ensure that each followed a really significant program rather than an aimless group of courses. It was reported to the Senate that committees in the University were now actively at work on both of these questions.

The report of the Committee on Extension led to further discussion of the role of the University in

serving all the people of the province. The University pioneered in extension services of many kinds, but the rapid growth of these services in recent years through Provincial Government departments and the Provincial Council on Adult Education makes it necessary to re-examine the question of what part the University can best fill in the whole picture. The Senate asked the Committee to continue its work and bring in a further report with recommendations to the next meeting.

Dr. J. M. MacEachran, Provost of the University, reported to the Senate on behalf of the Committees on Fraternities and Student Affairs.

Application from a professional group to establish a fraternity led to some discussion as to the advisability of encouraging students to organize socially by professional rather than by groups representative of all professions. There was the further question as to whether there were not already enough fraternities, having regard to the size of the student body, since it appeared that some of the fraternities were finding difficulty in securing enough members to maintain their houses. It was decided to take no action at least until after the war. The budget of the Students' Union for 1944-45, which came in as a part of the report of the Committee on Student Affairs, was approved.

Aseptic Wedding As Nurses Meet

The second meeting of the McLeod Club was held November 14th in the Soldier's Hut, University Hospital. The fifth year nurses provided the entertainment for the evening. A vocal solo by Grace Hoppe and a reading by Gladys Hutchings were enjoyed by all. The event of the evening was a skit entitled "The Aseptic Wedding." To the strains of the wedding march our little Annie Miller tripped down the aisle accompanied by her little flower girls, Acute and Chronic Appendicitis. Brummie, the groom, hobbled forth on crutches. Our barefooted preacher with her long red hair—who else but Kathleen—read from the big book. Guests included such distinguished people as Ostomyellitis and his charming daughter, Polio Myelitis.

There was a great array of stage props, ranging from nursing bottles to those elongated finger bowls. Here's where I stop!

Everybody enjoyed the program, especially the coffee and doughnuts. We're all looking forward to another successful meeting next month.

Dr. Buchan Urges National Health; Tells of British Social Progress

Dr. George E. Buchan, medical health officer from Willesden, London, spoke last Friday before the M.U.S., on the subject of "Public Health in the Post-war Period." Dr. Buchan, M.D., F.R.C.P., a graduate of the University of Glasgow, is touring the Dominion under the auspices of the Health League of Canada and of the Wartime Information Board.

The meeting was held in M158, Friday, Nov. 17, at 4:15 p.m. The speaker was introduced by George Christie.

Dr. Buchan dealt with "the Health Services of Britain, now and in the period of the peace." He demonstrated the extent of advance, in the British Isles, along these lines by enumerating a few of the Public Health Acts, from the first in 1875 to the present day. This type of legislation, Dr. Buchan pointed out, illustrates the trend towards "personalized" medicine and health—a form of social progress.

General improved health and greatly reduced mortality rates for particular diseases, etc., show the success of the methods to date. Relatively recent discoveries have been instrumental in bringing about these improvements in the health of the people, in the opinion of the speaker, and their organized application produces the desired results.

future health policy issued by the British Government. He also outlined the basis of the Beveridge Report on social security, as depending upon: (1) children's allowances, to assist increase in the population; (2) receipt by all persons of complete health and medical services; and (3) maintenance of employment—all three factors being inter-dependent.

In describing the system for the future, Dr. Buchan stated that Health Service will be available to all persons, and would include all medical and auxiliary services, with more and more stress to be laid on preventive medicine rather than on cure and treatment.

In discussing personal difficulties, he revealed that a shortage of practitioners in the United Kingdom existed, and made recommendations in regard to changes in the training of new medical specialists and the costs of such training to the student and to the state.

The speaker expressed the hope that in the future, housing, nutrition, recreation, high standards of living, etc., would wipe out poverty and unemployment, to produce national good health—so essential for free and happy lives of all persons in the nation.

Dr. Buchan closed his address by answering questions put to him by the audience. Dick Corbett then expressed the sincere thanks of the Medical Undergrad. Society to Dr. Buchan for his interesting and well delivered presentation of a very timely topic.

Junior President



RON HELMER

Junior Class President, who, along with his executive, is arranging the Junior Prom, scheduled for Tuesday of next week.

Year's Favorite: Prom on Tuesday

The dance of the year, the Jack Frost Frolic (Junior Prom to you), is scheduled for Tuesday, Nov. 28, at the Barn, commencing at 9 p.m. So girls! Turn that "Promising" look in your eyes on some magnificent male for a bid to three hours in Paradise. You can not, you must not, you shall not miss this breath-taking event!

The Junior Executive in charge of the Frolic are: President Ron Helmer; vice-president, Doug Love; secretary-treas, Al Spence, and the executive consists of Don Graves, Ernie Cudby and Stan Deakin.

The limit is three hundred twenty-five couples (650 tickets). Tickets are on sale now in the Arts rotunda at \$1.75 a couple, so get in line while they last. From Wednesday noon to Thursday noon, sales will be for Juniors only, from Thursday noon to Thursday night for Seniors and Juniors only, and from Friday morning on for anyone.

Chem Club Hosts Saturday Dance

Flash! Big House Dance in Con. Hall, Saturday, Nov. 25, sponsored by the Chem Club. Tariff, 25 beans. Well, sho' nuff, after the mad whirl of Waw-waw Week-end, all them purty girls will be setting home chevin' their purty nails, just along and awaiting for an invite from yo' to sum little shindig.

Is yo' all gonna dissappoint 'em? Seems to us the proper thing to do is to ask them out, and here's yo' opportunity. We suggest yo' drag said fair females to prescribed House Dance on Saturday at 8:30.

Dick Grunert, big boss (pres.) of the Chem Club, this week's sponsor, heartily assures us that something special is on the front burner. If we know Dick, there's going to be cooking with gas this week-end.

N.B.—Stags are especially invited to join the fun (especially female stags). The joint'll be jumpin' to a brand of entertainment well suited to the talents and wishes of the stags.

Advice for Chillun: We're not asking you to attend this week's swing and sway session; we're warning you not to miss it. You can afford to go—you can't afford to stay home.

All you boys who are beholden to Daisy, here is your chance to pay her back for footing the bill over last week-end. May the shekels flow the other way as freely as they did vice versa—well, anyway, if you've got twenty-five of those little brown things called cents, well, forget that poker game or that extra coke, and hie yourself down to the Chem Club Clomp. If you're lucky enuff to have half a hundred, well drag along a friend. Come, come together, come alone, bring your home-work, but come to the House Dance at 8:30 Saturday night in Con. Hall.

And listen, gang, rumor has it that these House Dances start at 8:30, but usually the first hour is ruined by lack of attendance. Let's stir our bones, the brawl is short enuff without chopping off another hour.

NOTICE

LOST—K. & E. Polyphase Slide Rule No. 017787. Finder please return to A. Lesk, Phone 33616.

Gateway Needs More Reporters

Join the Scripionic Circle

News reporters and feature writers by The Gateway. The editors of The Gateway are issuing an urgent appeal to secure the services of more reporters. At the present time a limited few are carrying the load of reporting, editing and setting up pages. The staff has decided to give more students an opportunity to contribute their efforts via the press. The Gateway is aware that there are a number of collegians on the campus who are definitely talented along journalistic lines. Would these and any other persons interested in newspaper reporting call in at The Gateway office, Room 151 in the Arts Building. You will receive an ovation plus and will be welcomed into the inner sanctum in no uncertain terms. There are numerous advantages of being a Gateway member (ask any one on the staff), only one of which is the privilege of hanging your hat across the hall! Seriously, though, The Gateway needs your help, and this is a special invitation to become a Gateway reporter. Drop down any time and leave your name and telephone number with any member of the staff.

St. Joe's Formal Friday Evening

The students in residence at St. Joseph's College are holding their annual semi-formal on Friday evening, Nov. 25th. Frank Quigley, president of the St. Joe's House Committee, is convening the formal, with the assistance of Maurice Jorre de St. Jorre, who is in charge of decorations.

The Hon. and Mrs. Lucien Maynard and Dr. and Mrs. George Fortier are lending their patronage for the affair. Dancing will commence at 9 p.m. in the dining-room of the college, to the strains of the Macdonald Hotel Orchestra.

Toronto Veterans Not to Organize

Toronto (CUP). — The establishment of a veterans' association on the Toronto campus was not favored by the veterans of the Arts Faculty. This decision was determined at a luncheon held in Hart House this week for ex-servicemen registered at University College. Present at the meeting besides 13 ex-servicemen, were Dr. H. J. Cody, former president of the University, and Dr. Sydney Smith, his successor.

The meeting felt that integration of the veterans into the student body and into the various campus organizations was more desirable than having a separate veterans' association.

The first problem encountered by the ex-servicemen is that of convincing the government Vocational Guidance Board that the course he wishes to enter will establish him financially in civilian life. Men desiring to enter Arts courses have faced considerable difficulties. Plans are under way, however, to ask the government for a definite statement concerning available courses.

Dr. Smith said that he would endeavor to have an advisory board set up to provide vocational guidance for veterans.

Manitoba Varsity Attendance Rises

Winnipeg (CUP). — Total registration this year in the University of Manitoba is 2,632, showing an increase of 150 students over last year. The highest enrollments are in Arts and Science, Medicine, Home Economics, and Engineering.

Of the 49 veterans who have entered the university this fall, some are in faculties of engineering, pre-medical and pre-dental, and others are completing courses started before the war.

NEWMAN CLUB WILL HOLD GENERAL MEETING

Members of the Newman Club are reminded that a general meeting will be held in St. Joe's Educational Department on Sunday, Nov. 26.

Now that the exam fears are over, a big attendance is expected. Important problems will be discussed, and a good time is in store for everyone.

Directs Xmas Fund



BOB PULLEYBLANK
Hardworking Director of the Christmas Fund, who is arranging a campus talent show to be broadcast over CKUA, Nov. 30th, at 8:30.

Alberta Teachers Meet Students

An A.T.A. meeting to which all students of the Faculty of Education are invited will be held in St. Joe's at 4:15 p.m., Tuesday, Nov. 28. Mr. Barnett, general secretary of the A.T.A., will speak on the origin, story, and aims of the A.T.A.

This is a splendid opportunity for future members of the teaching profession to become acquainted with the professional organization of which they will automatically become members when they go out to teach.

The executive had planned an evening meeting with a social taste and entertainment to follow. Unfortunately the date for the Junior Prom was set for the 28th, and the date for the meeting could not be changed because it was the only day on which Mr. Barnett was available. The executive is making up for this by planning for a social in the first week of December. Regardless of this, however, Education students should take time to attend this meeting if they wish to have their faculty considered as professional as the other professional organizations of the University.

Toba Student Finds Arts Course Useless

(From The Manitoban)

My opinion of certain University courses has dropped considerably. You will see why when you have read this. Last year my girl friend was going out with her beau and I was to go along as a blind date for a friend of her beau. Well, it turned out that my date was a Fourth Year Arts man now overseas with the Canadian Army. As we were dancing the conversation naturally came around to the University. After much discussion I casually asked my partner why he was taking the Arts course. I was surprised at his answer, but I did not let him know it. His reason, and only reason, was "because I like it." And this from a Fourth Year Arts student! Here I was expecting the serious and somewhat mature opinion of a senior of his course and what did I get?—"because I like it."

As if this wasn't enough, last month I was introduced to a serious and intelligent-looking Third Year Science student in the Snack, who surprised me even more. He is in the Air Force now. Having in the back of my mind the answer I had received from my Arts friend, I decided to ask this fellow the same question. After talking about the weather, the classes, The Manitoban, the war, and a few other things, he chanced to ask me how I like my course and I told him that I like it very much. Then I asked him why he was taking Science. That's when my opinion of him dropped. Do you know what he answered? Well, he said, "Geel! look at all the time we spend in labs. You only have to do a minimum of work, and when you are stuck all you have to do is borrow a friend's book. Oh, it's a lovely course."

I was feeling pretty low now, thinking that students took Arts only because they liked it and Science only because they could get along with a minimum of work.

My only consolation was the way I had heard a Freshman Engineer talk about Engineering. This I heard at the Engineers' Freshman Initiation Dance. I had been asked

(Continued on Page 6)

Big CKUA Broadcast Nov. 30; Campus Clubs Hold Raffles

House Dance Earns One Hundred Dollars

With no final figures is as yet on several of the activities already organized, the Christmas Fund has raised an estimated three hundred dollars—leaving one hundred dollars to go. The House Dance earned close to a hundred dollars for the fund through the courtesy of all those who contributed their services free of charge. The Nurses' Clubs and the Law Club are being very helpful, as are numerous others, in the sale of raffle tickets. If you haven't bought your tickets on the chest of silver, the afghan and the Law Club's item of merchandise, you won't find it hard to track down a ticket salesman.

One more major event is in the program of the committee. On Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:30, a campus talent show will be broadcast over CKUA. A sterling array of talent will be present in the studio, and will be prepared to do anything you request—for a small charge. All you have to do is turn in your request, either before the broadcast or by phone while it is in progress, at the same time promising to donate a certain amount to the Christmas Fund. If time allows us to do your request, we will do so, and be around to collect your donation shortly afterwards.

It can be lots of good clean fun, and its success depends on you—the listener—so plan now to be at home, and by your radio on Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.

A complete list of talent will be posted before the show, so that you can, if you wish, make your requests in advance.

Outdoor Club Wants Real Men

Here is a chance for all you strong-backed, muscle-bound he-men on the campus to get out and really show that it (the muscle) isn't all just a fish story.

The Outdoor Club is planning a real work party for Sunday afternoon at their cabin at the Varsity ski hill. Strong men are urgently needed to do such back-breaking jobs as cutting down grass and trees, pulling up stumps, burning down the cabin, and generally making a mess of the ski hill.

For the last few weeks, girls have been undertaking these arduous duties; and while their efforts have been admirable they, and the club executive, feel that it is time for the men to take a turn, specially now that Waw-waw Week-end is over (thank heaven!).

So, even if you have to tear yourself away from a most fascinating math problem to do it, please turn out at the cabin Sunday afternoon,

Co-eds Wind Up Whirlwind Week-end

Not since the Waumaita have the Joes on our campus been in such a daze. You were wonderful, Daisies; you really showed 'em.

After having been "cooked" to capacity during the day, Joe found himself at the Garneau Friday night with the dream cooling at him and a dainty arm about his sturdy shoulder.

Doug Love, master of ceremonies, introduced the four Sinatras—Owen Jones, Arledge Hill, George Hutton and Jack Longmate—as a jolly quartet. A radio program was next, with Frank Quigley at the mike, and our scene, Dogpatch on Sadie Hawkins' Day. Those colorful characters were in reality Peggy Haynes, Charlotte Hauger, Florence Stewart and John Linney, all of the Outdoor Club. Not to be outdone by the happy, healthy, rosy-cheeked Dogpatchers, the Law Club presented a musical skit, including in it pieces of their own composition. Starred in the skit were Don Cornie, Garth Eggenberger, Roger Ralati, Edmond Jorre St. Jorre, Joe Shooter, Bob Hazlett, Chester Burns, Bill Clark and Ken Crockett. All this was in addition to the regular feature and Doug Love's little speech thanking the manager and the staff of the theatre for their co-operation.

Joe gulped as Daisy pushed him into Joan's, and thought he'd better make it a coke. As he toyed nervously with the two pennies in his pocket, he hoped against hope that she had fourteen. And Daisy did, bless her.

Saturday afternoon's swing session at the Barn left Joe all in a dither and with sore feet besides. But after a dime shoe shine at the Fry (he could afford it now) and a few more cokes from a few more cute and cunning Daisies, he was ready for the Waw-waw Tussle in Con. Hall.

Tussle it was. The crowd was the biggest he'd ever had to battle against. He kept thinking how nice it was that his head was big enough to add a substantial sum to the Christmas Fund. Daisy was still footing the bills, of course; that big unruly mop of his must have accounted for at least two hat sizes.

Don Graves' Orchestra, working for free for the Christmas Fund, gave out with the jivest of jives and the smoothest waltzes Joe had

Rev. Horace Watts To Speak on Japan

On Sunday, Nov. 26, the S.C.M. will hold its Open House in St. Stephen's Assembly Hall at 9:00 p.m. Discussion of the evening will centre around missionary work. The main speaker of the evening will be Rev. Horace Watts, the educational secretary of the Church of England in Canada. His topic will be, "The Future of Christianity in Japan."

Mr. Watts received his arts and theological degrees from the University of Saskatchewan and Emmanuel College, and soon after went to Honan, China, to spend a year there as missionary. In 1927 he transferred to Japan, spending fourteen years there as diocesan treasurer of the Diocese of Mid-Japan. He was engaged in valuable educational work at this post, working with the press and publishing pamphlets. In 1941 he returned to Canada, and was appointed to his present office with the Anglican Church. He has been visiting mission fields throughout Canada, and is now taking part in the World Missionary Conference at First Presbyterian Church.

We are certain that you will find his talk both stimulating and informative, as he is a man of broad experience. Remember, S.C.M.'ers, that's Sunday, at Steve's.

and the Outdoor Club will welcome your arrival with subdued ecstasy. Especially if you bring your own axe, or good strong molar, with which to fell the aforementioned trees.

One last point: Remember that being at one work party entitles you to membership in the club, and that is the only way you can get to be a member. So if you want to go to any of the skating parties or tobogganing parties, or skiing outings that the club is planning, better show up Sunday.

ever danced to. He wished he could thank personally all those who were helping make the week-end such a success: the Committee, the Co-ed Club and, in general, those who did the work. The patrons of the dance were Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Johns and Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Thorsson.

The spotlight eliminated three couples who found themselves in the throes of a shaving contest almost immediately—girls wielding brushes and razors and the men, the victims, sitting with ties in hands and bared necks, anxiously awaiting their fate. Apparently Eunice Chesney did the smoothest job, or maybe it was that Glenn Cummins was the most scared and sat the stillest.

The voices of the Four Square, Frank Quigley, Murray Jacques, Art Follett and Archie Campbell, blended divinely to do justice to several selected hits. Joe Shooter, accompanied by Ralph Johnson on the piano, drew the crowded hall with a few choice selections and without a single flat note. The dash for cokes reminded him of women's rugby at the Army and Navy basement bargain sale.

And so, with a few more dances, ended the final affair of this outstanding, long-to-be-remembered week-end. Poor Joe couldn't sleep that night; his cheek stung in one little spot, and the more he rubbed it the more it stung. Monday morning found him, dazed still, consulting the schedule man. No, there wouldn't be another Waw-waw for another whole year, but he'd find dozens of ways to pass the time—with Daisy.

All students wishing to make application for an extension of points under the Students' Union point system, should do so before the 29th of November.

STUDENTS' SERVICE AT ALL SAINTS' CATHEDRAL

On Sunday, Nov. 26, there will be a Student Service at All Saints' Cathedral, with Canon A. M. Trendall giving the sermon. This is the monthly service of the S.C.M., and students are especially invited to attend.

Chem. Club Clomp - - - Con. Hall, Sat. Nite!!

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THE ALLIED ARTS COUNCIL

Few people understand how the Allied Arts Council explains its existence. Some people object to the idea of Art and Politics being combined. Others object to the over-emphasis place on our Russian allies, and feel that the study and development of purely Canadian art is prejudiced by such an outlook.

However, a closer study of this active group will convince the average student that here at least, something is being done to bring the various cultural groups in Edmonton together. Here is a group of citizens who want to know our country and the life of our people; who want to take an active part in our struggle for avenues of artistic expression—encouraging, guiding and developing talent in schools, in the armed forces and among civilian workers. For instance, their basic aim to make art a necessity in the lives of all people, so that the war, politics, science and democracy can be better interpreted through out art. They feel that writers, broadcasters, artists, musicians and educators stand on common ground, and therefore, have encouraged and sponsored joint activities of these groups. Even now, they are sponsoring a School of Allied Arts, which represents the first step towards the building of a government sponsored cultural center in Edmonton.

This is certainly something in which students and the university should participate. We also, want to bring the various cultural groups together, and our support of this organization would greatly assist in doing this. Since our own activities in graphic art, music, writing and drama are either non-existent or pitifully crippled, we are forced to go outside the university to find groups interested enough to take the lead in these fields. The Allied Arts Council, from all indications, has a definite place among the students on this campus.

CIGARETTES FOR OVERSEAS

We think it is worthy of mention that the members of the university services, the C. O. T. C., U.N.T.D., and the U.A.T.C., have contributed the whole of the money necessary to send cigarettes to ex-Varsity boys overseas. Each year for a number of years the Edmonton section of the University Alumni Association and the Students' Union of the university each contributed an amount of money for this purpose. This year, due to the fact that the sum of money necessary to carry on this service was very large, the Alumni Association asked the Union to contribute \$400. Council asked the armed services on the campus if they would take on the service, and they agreed to do so. And they really have gone to it in a big way, having gone well over the top. It is very commendable, and we think everyone should know about it. We know that every one of the boys over there who will benefit by this generosity will appreciate very much the cigarettes which they will receive.

There is a shortage of Gateway reporters. It seems that there is a peculiar art about reporting in such a way as to avoid injecting your own opinions into your write-ups. We want more good reporters, so if there are any students interested, we ask you to get in touch with The Gateway.

News and Views From Other U's

Bill Murdock

Bill Murdock is the only blind student attending U. of S., and probably one of the only blind students attending any University. He is only 19 and took all his schooling at Scott Collegiate. Bill takes all his notes in Braille, and was able to get most of his text-books written in that language, but for those that he can't obtain he has students who come and read the text to him. He is honoring in mathematics, and following his graduation he intends to use his mathematical training in some branch of industry or insurance work.

Anaemic Plague

We notice that at McGill, at U. of S., and other U's, there are urgent appeals for a higher percent of blood donors. It seems that as the fighting on the battlefield is increasing, the donations of blood are decreasing. We do not believe that the students are all anaemic, and it seems to be mostly the women who are the donors. Is it anaemia? The cafeteria's of some of the U's are offering to put out a special diet for any who are anaemic, so even anaemic non-donors may benefit.

S.C.M. Variety Show

Mt. Allison was privileged to see a wondrous show put on by the S.C.M. of that University. The Mount Allison Symphony Orchestra played some selections followed by solos, tap dancing, recitations, folk dances, and Hindu music.

Manitoba Girls Make Ditty Bags

The latest undertaking of the co-eds is the writing of cheery notes, to be enclosed in the Navy ditty bags. These ditty bags are sent to our sailors "somewhere" at Christmas, and thousands of greeting cards must be written to enclose in these gifts.

Military Training of New Brunswick

President M. F. Gregg of this University has proposed one complete day in twelve to replace the present system of drilling after hours. No details as to the application of this plan have been released.

Sadie Had Her Fling at Fredericton, Too

This Sadie Hawkins dance occurred on November 3rd in the old Memorial Hall. Scattered about the walls were portraits of L'il Abner and Daisy Mae, Mammy and Pappy Yokum, etc. The waltzes were tastefully hillybilly. On the face of each program was a bit of "dogpatch" scenery. Corsages varied from vegetable patches to huge chrysanthemums. Antigonish, N.S.

A new course for students interested in the technique and methods of modern broadcasting, has been added to the curriculum of St. Francis Xavier U. They call it radio workshop. All the students interested will be able to gain practical experience along with the fundamental rules of broadcasting.

The Gazette Says No to Trial Marriages

Students at the University of Ontario took as the topic of their first debate, "Resolved that trial marriages are desirable." But the results were overwhelming in the negative, meaning that the students do not take to the idea of such a temporary agreement.

Student Handbooks Are Late Jouts

The best handbook ever put out by the University of Western Ontario was under the capable direction of a co-ed, Sylvia Kolom. Besides names, addresses and phone numbers of the students, it contains three essentials as regards the teaching staff. It has been promised to come out within the next two days. The frosh are reminded that the book comes out free, and is not to be bought from seniors.

Queen's Students Movie Stars

This year the Queen's Drama Guild is putting on three plays which are to be watched by a scout from the Twentieth Century Fox Studios. The studio expressed their desire to have one of their talent scouts attend the plays. These plays are bound to be a superb success this year with an event like that in mind.

Speaks On Abyssinian Campaign

The medicos of the U. of Western Ontario were privileged to hear a talk on the Abyssinian Campaign given by Dr. Stuart McGregor on his return from East Africa. Dr. McGregor was a former student of Western.

Kingston Outlines Post-war Plans

Women's place in the post-war world is greatly stressed by Dr. A. V. Douglas, Dean of Women. Due to the full responsibilities that women had had in citizenship during these war years, some of them are bound to want to continue with their outside-the-home work, even though it is thought that many of them will relinquish their jobs on their own desire. They will be needed in many post-war jobs in the lines of nursing, teaching, social work, and industries and household work.

Intercollegiate Sports Must Reappear

Toronto, Nov. 15 (CUP)—"Resolved that Intercollegiate sports be resumed this fall" was the topic of the S.P.C. debate held recently, in which the decision was awarded almost unanimously to the affirmative. McGill Daily Takes Big Stand on Racial Discrimination Question

The student body of McGill met for the purpose of discussing the question. They asked for a hundred students before the debate could be called valid. Over 250 students attended the meeting and drew up a resolution to be presented to the senate, reading so as to ask that racial discrimination be eliminated.

UNIVERSITY COURSE IN MARRIAGE

(From the Calgary Albertan)

British Columbia's invincible love of dubious experiments seems to have invaded the field of higher education. The provincial university has decided to start an extension course on marriage. It is stated this course will "help smooth the rocky road of readjustment for newly-weds, and at the same time establish better relations between older husbands and wives."

The university evidently cherishes a low opinion of human nature, at least, B.C. nature. It is noteworthy that the material for the course has been prepared by a committee consisting principally of psychiatrists.

In view of the marked increase in divorce during recent years, something of this kind may be desirable. It is difficult to see, however, why the universities should be involved. The proper function of a university is to be a centre of learning and science, to provide facilities for research, to train men and women for the learned professions, and to give advanced instruction to those who desire to receive it. It is no part of its job to advise people regarding their private affairs and personal difficulties, and it only makes itself ridiculous, and damages its influence in the community, when it undertakes anything of the sort. We pity the unfortunate B.C. professor who is dragged away from his laboratory or his class-room to face a roomful of unhappily-married couples and lecture them on how to keep out of each other's hair.

Whatever happens in British Columbia, we trust that Canada's other universities will stick to their proper spheres, and not set themselves up as stand-ins for Dorothy Dix.

THE GATEWAY

FOREIGN UNIVERSITIES

An Albertan in Oxford

by E. H. Gowan

When we turned into "the Tur" I felt sure the taxi driver was kidnapping me—it looked a very narrow street. The cleanliness reassured me, and soon the porter confirmed my arrival at Exeter College, but two days early and my rooms weren't ready! Still homeless, I found a place to lunch in a corner of the market—yes, very much like the Edmonton market, plus a tea room.

Two days later I hunted in vain for a place to register. There simply weren't any queues like the annual scrum in Con. Hall. I finally learned that you simply went to see your tutor, who advised you what lectures to attend, and if he liked you, perhaps mentioned some to avoid. This was all purely a college matter except the lectures, but finally the University caught up with everybody, matriculated us with a little ceremony, and presented us with a short copy of the University statutes.

We had learned in time to wear a white tie and dark suit (sub. fusc. in the regulations) for matriculation. Otherwise we should certainly have failed. This is the costume for examinations, too.

Nearly everyone tries rowing, perhaps because there seems so little difference between the river and the chilly, damp, autumn air. I bought the regulation outfit—white shorts and a white shirt with little sleeves. Armpits are so indelicate, old boy! According to our coach, the knack of rowing was to train the back in swinging from the hips like a lavatory door. Perhaps I hadn't watched enough doors. Anyway, I wasn't good at it, and little time was wasted on me.

The University Music Club has a history measured in centuries, and its programs were put on by professional soloists, quartets, and what have you. I was much intrigued by students who had small scores and followed the whole program in them. At many fine concerts I watched the performers, and feel sure I had as much fun as the "score worms."

There are women's colleges in Oxford and they have women in them! I am ready to defend this thesis, although I have met men who would deny it. My case rests on the fact that I went to dances in these colleges and held some of the prettier and jollier women in my arms—while dancing, and very discreetly, of course.

The women attend lectures, if not often in physics, and anyway, there are normally four times as many men. The girls could be seen bicycling in the streets, but to a Canadian they seemed very difficult to meet. You are not supposed to "pick up" town girls—they might be working in a shop or a tea-room, doncha know!

And, of course, the dance halls, like the pubs, were strictly out of bounds. Just to make sure, two amiable gentlemen known as Proctors (Progs to you) and their strong, swift assistants in bowler hats (Bullers to us), make the rounds of such places on an unpredictable time-table. They have an uncanny eye for recognizing a college man. When such a one is hailed before him by the bullers, the Prog raises his mortar board politely, asks for the name and college. Next day the student is fined, or "gated" or both.

All colleges have massive gates and are built in quadrangles, or enclosed in high walls crowned with broken glass set in cement. The gates are closed a few minutes past nine, when the bell in Tom Tower of Christ Church College has tolled its nightly one hundred and one strokes. While "gated" a student must be in before this, but in any case, he must knock and be recognized by the gatekeeper.

Nothing happens unless you arrive after midnight without permission. If you thought to sneak in just before breakfast, that wouldn't work either, because your scout (staircase servant) has orders to report any unruffled beds observed on his inspection before the gate opened in the morning.

I joined the College Science Club, named after Lankester, the famous zoologist. When my turn came for a paper, I gave a graphic account of the manufacture of cement, from my experience of working three summers in an Alberta cement mill. Other meeting topics were "Wave Formation and Ship Resistance," and "Monetary Reform" by Professor Soddy, a forerunner of Douglas. No one understood him.

What about work? Oh, yes, work. In most cases this meant a few lectures, the preparation of essays and assignments for a tutor—and a lab every day for the science students. There was time for discussion and a little for reading. Most serious reading was done in vacations, five weeks at Easter and Christmas, with the long vac. of three months in the summer. Vacations had to be a sensible mixture of work and holidays; because you had an exam at the beginning of each term, as well as at the end.

Except for those writing finals, or "schools," the summer term of May and June was not very workaday. Lazy punting on the river was very attractive, and some people even studied under such conditions. You could hire a Canadian canoe and paddle swiftly up or down. But white flannels and a shirt were "de rigueur" in those days. Some people wanted to wear bathing suits—how shocking! Hopfully those rigors have abated in recent years, and sunshine now tans more hide than it could reach in my day.

The end of June brings the College balls, called "Commens." About half a dozen colleges commemorate something every year. A floor is laid in the Quad, with a gaily decorated Marquee over it. A large orchestra is imported, usually from London, and starts playing at ten. At midnight there is a champagne supper, and the buffet is open the rest of the night. At six the orchestra plays "The King," and at half-past six the official photograph is taken. Then you drive anything up to fifty miles for breakfast at some quaint country inn. The party breaks up about noon, and you go home to recover as best you may.

An affair like this made me rather tired and dull the afternoon I received my degree, but they gave it to me, anyway.

And that, approximately, is Oxford as a student saw it. I have left out much. There is, in many ways, a great contrast, not only between Alberta and Oxford, but within Oxford itself. In your work and at a Commem you are considered an adult. In your private life you are treated practically as a schoolboy. You have more fun if you decide to "do as the Romans do," and can stifle any resentment at being called a colonial!

E. H. GOWAN.

REALISM

Plain

As a matter of fact, the Dumbarton Oaks proposals already published are quite clear and specific. The United Nations organization proposed is admittedly far from perfect. I, for one, am prepared now to admit that in justice and departures from principles repugnant to me and to America are inevitable in the peace settlements. To expect anything else out of the seething caldron of hate brewed in Europe and Asia is to expect the impossible. Knowing that, I shall support to the limit United States participation in the best organization that can be agreed upon, because the alternative of allowing the world to drift into another great war and chaos is utterly impossible. To me that is not blind fanaticism, idealism or utopianism. It is the plainest kind of common sense and realism.

—Senator Ball in the New York Times.

Practical
All of us are talked to as though the whole business might bog down if, one by one, we did not stand by. Moreover, these pleas come from practical realists who would waste time appealing to us so if they did not really think we mattered.

Well, if the individual counts so critically in global war, why not in global peace??

—Fosdick.

Evaluation
We Americans like to talk and we are willing to listen to oratory, even at its most rotund. We must "tell the world" the preamble of the Declaration of Independence justifies our actions, saying that "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" requires us to declare our reasons for the step we are taking.

Mr. Brogan finds justification even for our low academic standards and for our addition to organized sport. He sees our schools not merely as instruments for instruction, but also as means of having

millions of boys and girls, many of them children of immigrants, instruct each other in how to live in America. Sport is also a way of Americanization. Indeed, according to the author, our combination of education and sport is in the classical Greek tradition, our intersectional Bowl games being equivalent of the great Hellenic festivals, as instruments of national unity.

For all his kindness, Professor Brogan has hardly described the "American" character. There is, for example, very little in his book about the 13,000,000 Americans who are Negroes, for the America described is chiefly that of the North-east and the Midwest. Englishmen who take the American character as Mr. Brogan's evaluation can hardly help liking us, though they may still think us curious people. They may also respect us.

—Prof. Leburn of Yale reviews "The American Character" by Prof. Brogan of Cambridge and of the B.B.C.

Survey
In the first place, my talk was framed with one purpose only—to lead up to the practical proposal that a mission of American industrialists and economists should make a comprehensive objective survey of the post-war British economic structure. I have an ever-increasing admiration for American technique in this kind of study, and I wanted to see it applied to our position with, if possible, a reciprocal study of your position from the British side. If the facts are accurately appreciated on both sides, friction when less chance of our commercial and industrial policies—which must inevitably react on one another. . . . As I see it, the difficulties to be faced are grave and perplexing. Do I exaggerate? I should be glad to be convinced that I do. But if I don't, I want your people to understand how things look from our side. That is why I want to reach a sort of American mission which

Correspondence

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—At the close of each University function there is usually a lot of thanking to be done. Some of it is done publicly, but many people never get one word of praise. As chairman in charge of the committee for our Annual Waw-waw Week-end, which ended Saturday evening, I find it impossible to see everyone personally, so I hope this letter will "fill the bill."

One never quite realizes how our University operates in all its phases until he or she undertakes to organize some small function or other. I trod on more toes and came close to breaking more rules than I knew existed. At times, one finds himself raving and ranting around the halls, but after a little sane thinking, it is easy to understand that there really is a reason for each rule and each regulation.

Before we forget Waw-waw altogether for another year, I would just like to thank the University as a whole.

Many thanks to the committee of Sheila McRae, Kay Pierce, Jean Hickey, Doris Tanner and Jean Kaiser. Without their close co-operation and help the Waw-waw Week-end could never have been completed.

As for the entertainment, the Law Club, Outdoor Club, Owen Jones and Quartet, the Four Squares, Joe Shooter and Ralph Johnson, Warren Doze and Duncan Bath, have no idea how much their assistance was appreciated. We have marvellous talent around here, and I would like to see the day when we hold a big "Rent Night."

How many know that the band under Don Graves' leadership donated—that their time towards helping the Christmas Fund? And I venture to say that very, very few knew that Bill Hudson and his men, who handle the hall and look after the thousand and one things which are so necessary to make a dance run smoothly, also donated part of their time in aid of the Christmas Fund. Incidentally, while we are on this subject, all the lighting and sound for the whole week-end, handled so ably by Jim Barton, Mark Miller, Bruce Allsopp and crew, was done free of charge, and believe me, that's a long and usually thankless job.

It's the little things that help—such as helping pass out cokes and doughnuts, the fellows that helped

proposed studying our position.

Finally, may I thank you (the New York Times editors) for taking the trouble to notice my remarks. I wish you had read my whole speech, but I welcome your criticism, since, above all things, I believe that we and you ought to express our views frankly and not be afraid to thrash out our disagreements.

—Sir George Schuster.

Concord

It is an old saying of our people: "The wolf is not bad because he is gray, but because he ate the sheep."

For their ideological weapons the German Fascists selected the racial theory of human hatred, calculating that their sermons on bestial nationalism would create the moral-political premises for the domination of the German invaders over the enslaved peoples.

However, the policy of racial hatred is one of the factors making for the downfall of the Hitlerite bandit plot. It cannot be considered an accident that not only the enslaved peoples of France, Yugoslavia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Greece, Belgium, Denmark, Norway and Holland have risen up against the German imperialists, but also the former vassals of Hitler.

There must not be a repetition of the sad memory of the League of Nations, which did not have either the right or the means to avert aggression. It will be a new, specially empowered international organization with everything at its disposal to defend peace and avert a new war.

Can one reckon on the fact that the activity of this international organization with everything at its disposal to defend peace and avert a new war.

Can one reckon on the fact that the activity of this international organization will be sufficiently effective? It will be effective if the great Powers, which have borne on their shoulders the main burden of the war against Germany, will act in future also in the spirit of unanimity and concord. It will not be effective if these essential conditions are violated.

—Stalin. Q.Q.V.

collect coke bottles, girls giving their time to sit in the ticket booth. All these and many more help the ones in charge immensely. Thanks to them all.

To The Gateway and its staff should go a bouquet. They did a grand job, and the splendid publicity given in no small measure contributed to a successful week-end.

Our thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Thorsen and Dr. and Mrs. Johns, who so willingly lent their patronage to our Saturday evening dance.

Before I close, I would like to extend the thanks of the committee to all the "Daisies" at the University who really gave their "Joes" a very enjoyable week-end. Without their grand co-operation, Waw-waw would have been a "flop." Who knows, maybe it was? Here's to bigger and better Waw-waw Week-ends!

DOUG LOVE,

Chairman, Waw-waw Week-end.

MR. PRESIDENT, PLEASE!

Clerics' Call for Apology

Glendale, Calif., Nov. 16.—The Glendale Ministerial Association said today it had sent a letter to President Roosevelt asking him to apologize for what it termed his "Shocking Profanity" while using a voting machine in the booth on election day as reported by a news magazine (Time).

In describing President Roosevelt's visit to the polls on election day, the news magazine said in last week's issue:

"From the green-curtained voting booth came a clank of gears as the main control lever jerked irritably back and forth. Then a voice, familiar to all of the U.S. and to most of the world, spoke distinctly from behind the curtains: 'The god-damned thing won't work.'"

A little Scotch girl made a list of "My Twelve Loveliest Things, People Not Counted." They were:

The scrunch of dry leaves as you walk through them.
The feel of clean clothes.
Water running into bath.
The cold of ice cream.
Cool wind on a hot day.
Climbing up and looking back.
Honey in your mouth.
Smell of a drugstore.
Hot-water bottle in bed.
Babies smiling.
The feeling inside when you sing.
Baby kittens.

The eight-year-old son of a professor of psychology was taken to see Fifth Avenue during a visit in New York. He stopped in amazement before the show window of a famous jeweler, where the use of invisible glass makes it appear that nothing but air separates the passer-by from the glittering display. The boy gazed for a while and then turned away, saying wistfully, "If I were not so well adjusted, I would reach in there and grab some of those jewels!"

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FASCINATING WOMEN

By Jean Anderson

Lana Turner is one of the most glamorous, unselfish, brilliant and outstanding personalities of the screen today. At the age of 24, she is also one of the best-liked actresses in Hollywood.

"Glam" Turner, as she has been nicknamed, was born Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner (whew!) in the mining town of Wallace, Idaho, on February 8, 1920. Her father was once an actor, but went into mining his health and money, of which he had very little.

Beginning her acting career at the age of three, Judyjeans, as she was then called, used to do "Black Bottom" at Elks' jamborees around Wallace and later at Salt Lake City. When the family moved to San Francisco, Lana went into the Immaculate Conception Convent with ambitions to become a nun. However, after learning that she would have to cut off her hair, she switched to public school again in the sixth grade with hopes of becoming a dress designer. She still wants to design clothes when the movies chuck her out.

Lana was heartbroken when, in 1931, her father was killed by a hold-up man. Then Mrs. Turner went to work in a beauty parlor, and Lana went to San Francisco Junior High, where she was twice elected cheer leader. In her spare moments, she took piano lessons while her mother took banjo to keep her company.

Since Mrs. Turner's health broke down when Lana was 14, the two of them moved to Hollywood for the benefits of the climate. They arrived unheralded in Hollywood in a smashed car, which had been crashed into and overturned just within the city limits. Neither Lana nor her mother was hurt.

Resuming her intellectual pursuits, Lana went to Hollywood High. One afternoon she skipped classes

and went over to the Top Hat Malt Shop across from the school. While Lana was sitting there sipping a malt to fortify herself against algebra, her bugbear, a man walked in. He was Billy Wilkerson, editor of a Hollywood tabloid. He took one look at Lana's bright red hair, green eyes and cream complexion—all done up in a beret, skirt and school sweater. Then, struck by her technicolor beauty, he asked her how she'd like to be in pictures. He left his card, and Lana phoned her mother to explain everything, except why she wasn't in class.

After talking it over with Mrs. Turner, Judyjeans decided to give it a try. Two weeks later Lana was playing a high school gal murder victim. She wore, in the second scene, the sweater which made her famous. Upon release of the picture, Lana became the world's official sweater girl, and sweaters became the rage for women all over the country. As a result, Leroy signed her to a contract at \$200 a week. Later M.G.M. offered her a contract and she has been there ever since.

One evening in 1940 Lana had a date with Artie Shaw, and they ended up next morning at 3 a.m. in Los Vegas, Nevada, and routed out of bed the Justice of Peace George Marshall, who married them. This marriage lasted only a few months.

After a period of dating numerous other musicians, Lana again roused George Marshall at Los Vegas, and married Stephen Crane, who afterwards became a popular movie hero. Later, glamor baby Cheryl Christine Crane arrived. However, this marriage did not work out either, so Lana was again divorced.

Today Lana is a good-natured, charming, quiet and very sentimental young woman. She dotes on her baby daughter, to whom she tries to talk on the phone between shots at the studio. Lana is out of the hep cat stage now. Although she and the sweater made each other what they are today, Lana wears sweaters no more. "Marriage is a Private Affair" is her latest picture. In it, she stops looking like what the average Varsity girl looks like, and starts looking like what the average man wishes the average woman looked like.

Lana loves comic magazines and whodunits, but reads a few Book Club selections also. She learned to surfboard in Honolulu. Golfing and deep-sea fishing are also favorite pastimes. Meanwhile, Justice of the Peace George Marshall of Los Vegas keeps a light burning in the hall at night. Never can tell when these Hollywood folk are going to drop in.

dear willie...

Well, Willie dear, you've had your fling! Now is the time for you to reciprocate.

We've trucked you over to the Wauneta, for a formal good time; we've taken you to a super-super Waw-waw show; and "waltzed you around again, Willie" at the last week-end—things that you often forget, or never think about. Such as: opening doors for you, holding your coats, carrying your books, taking you to the Caf or to Tuck, and generally making life pleasant for you. Remember?

Not that we expect you to go around like a lot of pained Sir Galahads! Heaven forbid! We're modern women. But it certainly

Sweet and Feminine



A picture frock that would look delightful at any formal, especially the Junior Prom, is the find of this week. Kleinen, the wife of Lauritz Melchior of the Metropolitan Opera, poses in it above. It is of taffeta in the brave and colorful McArthur plaid, and it has a deep round crocheted yoke and elbow-length puffed sleeves. A quaint crocheted scarf with fringe is worn, either over the head or demurely tied about the shoulders.

THE CAF. ART GALLERY

By Al Ronigan

Sleepy-eyed morning patrons of the Cafeteria were seen to look surprised over cups of coffee at the walls of that building some time ago, and heard to exclaim, "Something new has been added."

An English student, roused to a high pitch of emotion, mumbled something about a new planet swimming into his ken. That day saw Ags and Dents, Meds and Engineers (!), other people and Eds discussing Art. There were comments "pro" and comments "con," but comments there were, numerous and loud.

For that morning the University had "gone out on a limb" and done something that Canadian institutions have been slow in doing. It had used painting of Canadian scenes, done by Canadian artists, to decorate blank walls, in particular, those of the Cafeteria. There can be seen "The Ferry, Quebec" by Morrice; "Victoria Glacier" by Phillips; "North and Barrington Streets, Halifax" by Brooks; "Blossom Time" by McLaughlin, and Thomson's "Northern River."

Canadians have been too prone to dismiss the subject of Canadian art by saying that Canada is too young to have any art of note, not knowing that Canadian art, like many other things Canadian, has received more recognition abroad than at home. Seemingly following the belief that there is no Canadian art, the library has been well decorated with examples of modern American art (donated by the Carnegie Corporation of New York). There is, of course, no particular objection to American art, but there is the feeling that Canadian art has been overlooked. Overlooked? Not quite, perhaps, because three miniatures of Tom Thomson's paintings have been tucked away in the north-west corner. Perhaps the secret is that

would cheer us up a bit, to have you remember just a few of the above. 'Twould make our miserable lives just a little happier!

We've shown you how to get full to overflowing crowds to a formal, and a house dance. Can you show us the same hereafter? Look how we gals patiently stood in line for Wauneta tickets for you! Will you do the same for us? Some poor unfortunates, who didn't get their tickets at first, even camped overnight down by the Bookstore, so as to be bright and early for a few extra ones. They even committed the unpardonable sin of missing an 8 o'clock to get them. All this for you!—lucky critters!

Watcha gonna do about it, Willie? Not that we want to appear to demand, but we would appreciate at least one return engagement. You had a good time with us. Now let us have a good time with you. Show us whether you have the true Varsity spirit.

You may think this all very "unsubtle." But this is 1944, and time to be frank. It's about time the thoughts of countless feminine Caff-time conversations be brought out in the light! Don't let us all feel like Sad Sadies, whose social activities end with Waw-waw Week-end. Nuff said!

Yours in hopeful anticipation, DAISY.

Verse Reporting Late Arrival at a Conclusion

Consider a lady gone reckless in love, In novels and plays: You watch her proceed in a drapery of A roseate haze. Acclaimed as a riot, a wow, and a scream, She flies with her beau to Les Alpes Maritimes, And moves in a mist of a mutual dream The rest of her days.

In life, if you'll listen to one who has been Observant of such, A lady in love is more frequently in Decidedly Dutch. The thorn, so to say, is revealed by the rose. The best that she gets is a sock in the nose.

These authors and playwrights, I'm forced to suppose, Don't get around much. —By Dorothy Parker.

Garneau?

A Missouri movie house invented "Sparkin' Night" as a new audience lure, admitting adult couples for the price of one ticket and announcing "All lights will be turned off at 9 o'clock for three minutes."

THE LITERARY FALLACY

By Nancy Thompson

"Reduced to general terms, the literary fallacy assumes: that a culture may be understood and judged solely by means of its literature, that literature embodies truly and completely both the values and the content of a culture, that literature is the highest expression of a culture, that literature is the measure of life, and finally that life is subordinate to literature."

Mr. Bernard DeVoto, the writer of the above statement, was the Visiting Professor for the Patten Foundation at Indiana University in 1942-1943. He has prepared the lectures which he gave in March, 1943, for publication in book form. The title of the book is "The Literary Fallacy." His book is an examination of certain ideas, dogmas, and conclusions which appear in much American literature of the 1920's. The author warns that his book is not a history of American literature during the 1920's; it does not try to describe American literature during the 1920's completely, or to pass judgment on it as a whole; it does not try to analyze any writer or any book completely, or to pass final judgment on any. His purpose is to examine various appearances of the literary ideas, dogmas, and conclusions which occur among writers in

the years he has chosen to discuss.

In his discussion of his topic, Mr. DeVoto selects a number of leading and characteristic writers of the period — H. L. Mencken, Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, John Dos Passos, William Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe. "If someone who was ignorant of American life during the 1920's were to consult the books of these men in an effort to understand it, could he use their work as a trustworthy guide? Does the picture which their work contains correspond to American experience and could our stranger rely on it when he came to appraise our culture? Is it trustworthy data for historians who may hope to inform future generations about our past? The answer is no."

The author proceeds to say that anyone who undertakes to pass judgment on that time, accepting their descriptions as he finds it, goes atrociously wrong in his understanding of their time. "The prime error of American literature between wars was its failure to report objectively the nature of American life." Mr. DeVoto then begins his examination of literary fallacies by considering some of the ideas of literary critics, among them those of Van Wyck Brooks. "Twenty-five years ago criticism set out to explain what it held to be the sterility of American culture. Now it confesses itself culturally sterile. If literary criticism has achieved paralysis, it got there by following strictly literary paths, by applying its own conceptions in accordance with its own methods. If it ends self-supported in pure air, unattached to American experience or any other experience, that end followed inevitably from the beginning. The effort to appraise a culture by means of purely literary criteria had no possible outcome except failure."

In the development of the theme of "The Literary Fallacy," Mr. DeVoto discusses the work of T. S. Eliot, Sinclair Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, Dos Passos and Ezra Pound.

THE BEAKER

(A Proverbial Tom with a cold in the head)

I took a gander at those dull fellows, the honors chem students, last week, and found to my joy that there's life in them yet. (It certainly is a wonder after all they have been going through with broken bombs and Gutzuts that won't give up their arsenic, despite fervent prayers, entreaties and strong language.) The general trend in the third and fourth years is to "get away from it all" (Chem 105, I mean), and those "babies" in second year wouldn't mind forgetting Chem 58 for an evening. The class went en masse to the river, but the water looked so cold that, faint-hearted, they returned to M30. There the Chem Club executive cooked up a nice little idea—said they, "We'll sponsor a house dance." No sooner word than dud—the great night is to be Nov. 25. We know you all to love all your courses and hate to leave them for a minute, but you must be magnanimous about this, so how about coming out to try to distract those poor chemists. Hey, fellows, it's the week after Sadie Hawkins has done her worst, and you know you should retaliate, so how about getting it off your conscience on Nov. 25. Bring Daisy and show her a really good time from eight to eleven-thirty, in Con. Hall.

contrasting with them "the first-rate writers outside the movement," Carl Sandburg, E. A. Robinson, Willa Cather, Stephen Vincent Benet, Robert Frost, "whose works affirm what the orthodox literature of the 1920's denies: that human experience has dignity." In his last chapters Mr. DeVoto glances at certain activities which have been excluded from the literary conception of culture, viz., engineering, surveying, the study of history and folklore, laboratory and clinical medicine.

In conclusion, he states: "If literature is to be a dependable description of America, if it is to make a useful comment on America, then first of all it must know America. . . . Rejection, the attitude of superiority, disdain of the experience of ordinary people, repudiation of the values to which the generality of a writer's countrymen devote their lives—the literature of my generation tried that path and found that the path ended in impotence and the courtship of death."

E. N. T.

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Features

VOX STUDENTI

Waw-waw is over—thank heavens! It has been too much of a strain on Yehudi, this keeping track of all the Daisies and Joes. Evidently Phyllis Fleming took heed of Yehudi's warning of the last issue. Or maybe it was his emaciated appearance, after not having eaten for a week, that made her beg him on bended knee to come to the Caf for breakfast. Anyway, Yehudi was much the worse for wear after this little episode, because no sooner had he entered the door than he was flattened out and trodden upon by thirty Engineers. This, of course, was Butch's wallet-emptying Caf date.

Taking advantage of the love-seats and semi-darkness of the Garneau Theatre on Friday night were Libby McCullough and Anatole Roshko, Dorothy Coggles and Dick Grunert, Mary Fackler and Ennie Cuddy, Orene Ross and Dave Collis, Muriel McDonald and Bob Buckley, and Mary Weir and Alex Richardson. Yehudi burned with jealousy as he listened to the sighs emitted when Owen Jones did his "Frankie" special. And Joe Shocher and his Zoot Suit Boys made him want to rush right down to Johnstone Walker's to have his measurements taken.

At the Barn on Saturday afternoon, Yehudi saw Marg Hunter and Lloyd McLean—which reminds me, Marg is doing all right. Yehudi thought she would be pining at home this week-end, seeing as how the Navy has left town. Oh, yes, he also saw Jean Hickey and Jimmy Clow, Peggy Haynes and Gordon Anderson, taking a few lessons from the jitterbugging adolescents at the Barn. He must admit that he was a bit worried when Barbara Bunn and Doris Kerr arrived, with, shall we say, two unexpected men. He was glad to see that they got straightened out during the course of the afternoon.

Had Yehudi been able to foresee the outcome, he would never have put in his name at The Gateway

Date Bureau. When two minutes and twelve seconds after The Gateway appeared, he heard the luscious, lisping tones of a Daisy asking him to the House Dance, he fully expected it to be Lois McPherson. Yehudi has heard it rumored that Lois would like to make a few "hush-hush" arrangements with him, and he thought this would be the logical time to do it. But, when he answered the door-bell at 8:15, he saw not Lois McPherson, but an Amazon who introduced herself as Lily McSkonk. Reaching out a hairy, muscled arm, she picked Yehudi up by the collar, stuffed him in her pocket, and started off for the House Dance. Except for the fact that at every step Yehudi was banged against Lily's cast-iron hip bone, this was the ideal arrangement—Lily got into the dance for free, and Yehudi was spared the embarrassment of asking Betty Graham to find a hat for his pin-head. From his vantage point, Yehudi saw Doris Barker and Ev Graham, Mary Davies and Jack Towers (Mary had a little more luck with the Date Bureau), Aileen Irwin and Rod McDaniel Shirley Wilson and Mickey Hajash, Mary McDonnell and Don Rees, Bea Grant and Bob Robertson, and, of course, the LaRues celebrated their 2nd anniversary (by months). The corsages to be noted were the vegetable corsages worn by Theta men, and the Super-Dooper (you know the rest) paper corsages that the quartet sang about. Judging from the shaving job that Joyce Johansson did on Ed Patching, it would seem profitable for Bob Kasting to give her a few lessons.

One of the most unique finales for the week-end was that staged by Pat Burns, Marg Lambert, Bruce Allsopp and Ian McBride. Ian, in attempting some pro stuff on the ice at Lake Wabamun, plunged into the icy depths. Allsopp's loud guffaws shook another hole in the ice, and now he can tell you to the degree the frigidity of said body of water.

kie, and is she ever cute, boy-o-boy!

Well, then the lights came on, and while Tropie (she lets me call her Tropie) was putting on her lipstick, a character comes out on the stage who must have stood too close to an electric fan as he has no more hair than a second-hand scrub brush, and says we have a Frankie all our own, and out he came with a quartet and all and sang a couple of songs, and people all over started screaming again, although I happen to know his name is Jones, and Tropie says to me, you could do just as well if you weren't a monotone, and is she ever cute, boy-o-boy!

Well, the Outdoor Club put on a piece of play-acting where they showed what had happened to Lil Abner, but not what was going to, and now I have to wait and read the papers, and the Law Club boys put on a song and all those boys are very neat dressers and very zooty, except some who are girls, and one hasn't got any modesty at all because she took off almost all her clothes, and one is just a baby and not old enough to be in the Law Club or even Engineering, as far as that goes.

Well, after the show we went to Tuck, and I said to Mr. Ray as we were going in, those are lovely chocolates, and he said, do you want to take a bag home, and I said no, she asked me out tonight, and is she ever cute, boy-o-boy!

Well, Saturday night we went to the dance in Con. Hall, and when I tried on the hats they were all too big because I had a haircut, so they gave Tropie a rate of two for a quarter, and we went in and it was a good dance, but there was a big crowd, in fact once I picked up one foot to do a jitterbug and we went

around the room three and a half times before I got it back on the floor, but the waltzes were easier, and I had them all with Tropie, and is she ever cute, boy-o-boy!

Well, there was a contest when girls had to shave boys, and I'm glad I wasn't in it because this isn't my week to shave, and then later the 4 Square sang and then somebody got up whose name was Joe and then he sang a song like Frankie, but on his encore he didn't know all the words to anything else, so he just sang a little of quite a few songs, which I thought was ridiculous, but Tropie liked it, and then came the home waltz, and is she ever cute, boy-o-boy!

Well, afterwards she took me home and we sat on the front steps, and my landlady opened the door and said, now don't you be sitting out there too long with your unprincipled girls, and I said I'll be right in, and when she shut the door Tropie said good-night, and is she ever cute, boy-o-boy!

And I want to tell you I think this Waw-waw Week-end is a good plan and should be every second week-end because Tropie has to pay my way anyway and I don't feel self-conscious when everyone else is doing it, too, but Tropie doesn't mind, and is she ever cute, boy-o-boy!

Yours truly, WILLIE.

E.S.S. Survey Party

"New elevations in entertainment for these latitudes will be established at the coming E.S.S. Survey Party," declared Duncan McCracken, as the University bus stopped with a jerk and he got out.

Instructors were called out to quell riots as a result of the rumor that the Engineers would take girls on their "Survey Party" in an attempt to make up for the fun that a lot of them missed during Waw-waw Week-end. When interviewed by reporters, Jack Randle, who got that birth-mark from climbing into the wrong berth, said, "Roadmen find that the coming 'Survey Party' is on the level."

Jack Jacknisky, instrument man, told reporters today, "A gala evening of jive hops, graceful waltzes, modern fox-trots, and popular rhumbas has been arranged."

Crosshairs and crosseyes will be focussed on a movie to get the project under way at 8 p.m. Local Mean Time, December first, nineteen hundred and forty-four, in Con. Hall. Cokes, doughnuts and dices have been ordered for cut and fill. A floor show made up of engineering talent will be provided at intermission.

"We mustn't be too optimistic," one Engineer told reporters. "Last year I stepped up to the counter and asked for forty-eight dices. The canteen worker looked surprised, so I explained: 'Oh, no, they are not all for me. I've got two buddies waiting outside.'"

"The Engineers will bring their standard equipment to the affair," blurted out Chief of the Party Bruce Allsopp, when questioned about the highlights of the evening. "The major event will be the Slide Rule Competition. All who wish to compete must bring their own slide rules. Exercises in computation will be unveiled before the aspirants, who will endeavor to be the first over to the judges stand with the correct answers. The winner of the Slide Rule Championship will be awarded a handsome trophy and a gold-embossed leather case for his rule."

A final word from the executive: "Remember to remove the head from your instrument and walk through the door with it under your arm."

"Of course I wouldn't say anything about her unless I could say something good. And, oh boy, is this good. . . ."

Campus Personalities

--- YOU SHOULD KNOW THEM

On September 30, back in the golden year of 1926, a certain Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were blessed with another blue-eyed bundle, who turned out to be none other than our Sophomore President, Murray, now grown, as any fool kin plainly see (even you), to the height of six feet three and a half. This epochal event took place in Brandon, Manitoba; and subsequently going on the grand tour of Castor, Brandon, Winnipeg, Killarney, Youngstown, Castor, Edmonton. He was an inmate of the public schools of all these long-suffering municipalities, and wasted the taxpayers' money by carving up the desks and throwing spit-balls. In each and every town, he alleges, he was the grand, super-colossal, champion curling expert. In Castor, population 610, he won the Governor-General's medal in Grade Nine, as well as participating in all forms of



sport (or brawls) which usually take place in such thriving communities. His genius went unrecognized until Grade Three, when some enterprising school mama put him by mistake into Grade Five. They seemed to overlook the fact that Grade Four had not been included. Murray, even now, insist that his education is not complete. Maybe he can pick up Grade Four at summer school. He took Grade Ten in the above-mentioned metropolis, and informs this department that his chief diversion was holding hands with girls, as many as possible at once, and the more beautiful, the better. Eventually he became a city slicker, as he attended Seona for Grade Eleven. Murray modestly informs us that he is not the one to stick his neck out for athletics, considering badminion and bowling sufficiently strenuous. The final stretches

were brightened by several swell parties—he blushed at this point!—on account of which he seems to have acquired a somewhat lupine reputation. When asked about his vices—smoking, drinking and so forth—he screamed loudly, "No! No! No!"

He has ordered a marble-topped desk to accommodate his business as Soph Pres, with a curvaceous stenographer to assist him with the affairs of the House Dance Committee, of which he is an enthusiastic member.

Last summer, Murray inhabited the power plant where he drafted the proposed new addition, complete with lissome damsels leaning on turbines and slinking along the cat-walks. His choice in women seems universal, in short, any woman who is not positively revolting. He draws the line at Joan L. Sullivan. The preference goes to older women, the tender loving ones. "I'm willing to learn anything," he says.

Coming up to Varsity he chewed his nails in Con. Hall, and finally flipped a coin—heads, Engineering; tails, Medicine. Of course (!) heads won out, and Murray entered the tread mill. He was entrusted with a sandwich board in the parade that year.

He rustled scenery for the Dramatic productions and contributed to the merriment on the Freshman executive. His participation in track was a bit of a farce, as he merely planted his foot ahead and automatically finished miles ahead of his stumble-pinned competitors. In his sophomore year he became manager of track—possibly because he outclasses the other characters by about a foot and 50 pounds.

He bats out quite sharp sports stories as a sports reporter for The Gateway.

Sleep can claim Murray anywhere and any place; like the horse, he can even slumber on his feet. His ambition is hard to discover—strangely enough, he wants to take another course after engineering, maybe law; in short, wants to spend the rest of his natural life in this institution. His long-suffering family tell us that he eats so much and occupies so much space that no other institution would harbor him.

He's horribly literal-minded, and speaking of literacy, his favorite reading material is Superman. Incidentally, it seems he got no less than five bids to the Dairy Dance—apparently the co-eds go for Murray (The Lappe) Stewart in the big way. It works in the other direction, too, as your scribe observed as the victim kept various arms around three women when being interviewed.

Could be the Soph Class has quite a character for its president this year.

The whole student body eagerly awaits the first hockey game of the season.

Having just been through the mill of freshman days, Ross had a few illuminating remarks to make on this harrowing period in a young man's career. He fully expected the upperclassmen to leer coldly down at him, but discovered that they were so beaten down by the hard life that it was quite the other way around, and everyone was most genial, to him, at least. On first coming up to Varsity, he decided to make the big name for himself,

Ross is another Calgary character, having been born there on June 7th, 1925. When he was a little squab at school he claims to have gone by the name of "Squeek, the Greek," on account of his piping falsetto, which apparently persisted, much to his disgust, to quite an advanced age. He alleges that he also answered to the odd moniker of "Mr. Six by Five," but we believe this a little exaggerated. For some years he was the fastest little calf on the East Calgary Buffaloes, which is apparently a rugby team. Ross told gory tales of games in the squab played against the team which boasted (!) Frank (Kill 'em) Quigley among its members. He admitted, after much persuasion, that Quig's team won much too often, but they used to have wonderful free-for-alls.

As for his school days, all we could hear above the screaming in The Gateway office was a remark to the effect that he really (really?) liked school, but soon grew out of that silly habit.

When they moved him on to high school, he played in all the accepted forms; just like the other little squabs, he rushed around a hockey rink in winter and a basketball court in summer, and a badminton court in between times. By dint of this strenuous preparation, he became president of the Boys' Athletics in Grade Twelve.

The musical accomplishments of the frosh president amount to a bench in a church choir, back in his soprano days. One great day, though, something happened to that falsetto, and he hung up his surplice for good, to his immense joy and relief, he says.

Every summer Ross has slaved in the ancestral sand-pit, or gravel business. Ross says his family digs more dirt than any other firm in Calgary, which is quite something, huh, kids? He hopes to run a collection agency some day as a sideline, because he is now a master of the technique of how to wring money out of stone.

One day the big inspiration hit him and, as he had heard that Quigley had set up shop at U. of A., he decided to totter up and see if he could beat him up again. (Quig: What nite is the fight scheduled?)

The Russian Theatre

(Synopsis of lecture delivered by Jim Spillies to the Canadian Soviet Friendship Council, October 23, 1944. Next film meeting December 1, 1944.)

It is impossible for us to visit Russia, but we can see their films. In their films we can see their people and outlook and thus understand them. We are given a medium through which we understand the Russian people, and perhaps in time become good neighbors with them.

Perhaps none of the theatre arts in the Soviet Union moved into the action of the war as did the Soviet film industry. During the first five days of the war, the Leningrad studios, for example, prepared a dozen scenarios and set the cameras turning. The film studios reduced production time to one or two weeks, working twenty-four hours a day in three shifts and using assembly line methods never tried before. All this was carried on, frequently under fire, while studios, plants, laboratories, staffs and all were being moved far out of reach of the invader's arms. For the fighting front the studios worked out an interesting, ideal program consisting of a comedy, a political angle film, a newsreel and a musical.

Compares to Hollywood

It is interesting to compare a Russian musical with the Hollywood musical. Perhaps one of the striking differences is the total absence of glamor. The people are plain, representing well the class they are portraying. Perhaps another aspect to be noticed in Soviet films is the just average photography, which cannot be considered as good as some of Hollywood's work.

Another point, the sets may not be very exciting or original, but nevertheless they are authentic. It is this authenticity which characterizes the Russian film industry and all Russian art. Clearly the influence of the Moscow Art Theatre can be seen in this picture and all Russian films. It can be safely said that Hollywood is ever ready to sacrifice a truthful report on human behavior for the sake of a gorgeous and grandiose set. The directness and simplicity of the acting in Russian films is the great lesson we can learn from these movies.

Technique Improving

Recent Russian films show a marked advance in material technique. Transitions are skilful and clever. The outdoor sets are of the best to be seen on any screen. The economy in acting and time used in telling the story are notable, and in this respect coincide with the technique of one of the best film directors of this continent, Alfred Hitchcock. However, despite the tremendous technical advance in Russian movies, there has been no sacrifice to truthful acting. All the acting is related to the environment of the character and his past history. Each bit of acting, even in a comedy, has social implications. That is one reason why Russian acting can be so authentic and true. The Russians are more concerned with human behavior, and it is on that they concentrate first. In Hollywood, in the majority of films, the great idea is to duplicate the material surroundings of the scene of dramatic action, rather than duplicate into artistic form, the human behavior in those surroundings. Hollywood has its eyes constantly on the box office, whose tastes they have trained, while the Russians have their eyes on society and its behavior.

Russia Materialistic?

It would seem, at least judging trust that that has blown over by now.

. . . and everyone hopes and trusts, in fact we are quite sure, that Ross and his capable executive will pour all of that red-hot freshman enthusiasm into the Class Dance. After this, we can hardly wait.

from Russian films with their intense study of human behavior, their ceaseless efforts to portray truthfully in action the behavior of humans, that they are concerned primarily with human values. And yet, Russia, because of the early suppression of religion and the numerous five-year plans, has been accused of possessing a purely materialistic civilization; in other words, they are primarily concerned with material values. However, their films evidence their primary concern is for human values. We, on this continent, with freedom of religion and numerous depressions, claim that our civilization is primarily concerned with human values. But our films, unconcerned as they are about truthful reportage of human behavior and excited about wondrous, breathtaking sets, evidence that our primary concern is with material values.

In the opinion of this writer, it would be an interesting question to think about: Is it Russia that possesses material civilization, or is it ourselves on this continent?

Before Rationing?

An elderly, impeccably dressed gentleman was walking down Broadway when he noticed a spot on his tie. Without hesitation, he stepped to the nearest automobile, unscrewed the gas tank cap, dipped a handkerchief in, carefully rubbed out the spot, replaced the gas cap and proceeded on his way.

Vice Verse

Going down the ile Brides often smaisie, But like tooms Are grombs.

At a particularly dull academic meeting, a fellow guest remarked sympathetically to Albert Einstein, "I'm afraid you are terribly bored, Professor Einstein."

"Ach, nein," replied Einstein pleasantly. "In occasions like this I retire to the back of my mind, and there I am happy."

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JUST SHOPPING AROUND

By The Square

Herewith a letter from a freshman Ag student, who seems destined to become an outstanding campus personality:

Dear Editor:

I want to tell you about the week-end last week-end, which was called Waw-waw Week-end, and was very successful. I think because the girls did all the buying, and Eutropia took me out a lot, and is she ever cute, boy-o-boy!

Well, it seems the thing started with a show at the Garneau Friday night, Eutropia took me and we sat in one of the double seats, but all she did was scream "Frankie" because there is some guy called Sinatra in the movie who, she says, sends her, but then comes a spy picture and she forgets about Fran-

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PRO AND CON

By Hollick-Kenyon

Ed. Note: This column has been suggested in response to recent remarks in The Gateway concerning the supposed apathy of Canadian students regarding political affairs in the hope of eliciting some show of interest in same, by letters to the Editor.

The writer will endeavor to present an unbiased view of both sides of several political issues as they may arise.

According to the statement made last week by Gen. McNaughton, there are 68,500 home defence soldiers in Canada—5,500 are on leave—in industry, on farms, compassionate leave, etc. If these, 42,000 are physically fit for infantry duty. Only 16,000 are trained as infantry. Of these, 8,000 could go into combat at an early date. All the major fighting nations have conscription. Canada's government has been authorized by her citizens to institute universal conscription for overseas service.

Against Conscription

Will it aggravate the situation already existing between Quebec and the rest of Canada? Quebec was the dissenter, and is still against the measure. There are numerous other factors which divide the two camps, such as the basic culture involving language, religion customs, etc. It seems that this is primarily a test case of the whole situation. Wouldn't it be wise to bring on a national crisis at such a crucial phase of the war?

Democracy holds that each man be given free choice. Is it democratic to force a man to risk his life for his country? Does not universal conscription smack of totalitarianism?

There is a man-power shortage in Canadian industry which is much alleviated by home defence men loaned out to essential tasks. The shortage would become more acute if these men were sent overseas.

General McNaughton is an experienced soldier and should know when he states that "Zombies" will volunteer if properly treated, and the oppression and stigma attached to home defence be removed, so that the soldier will not be antagonized at the beginning. Both he and Mr. King state that the reinforcement

situation is not acute, and only caused by a temporary shortage due to unexpectedly high infantry casualties.

For Conscription

Canadian reinforcements are badly needed at the front, according to Col. Ralston and many other qualified men. There are current stories of men spending weeks to even months continually at the front with no rest. One infantry officer who has been in Belgium since early September, without rest, is now the only surviving officer of the original number with the regiment. There are similar stories of convalescents being sent back into action and of 19-year-old boys being killed in the lines after 4 to 6 months of training. These facts seem to point to a shortage of reinforcements.

The soldiers have raised their voices against the army of non-combatants in Canada, and are demanding that the share of fighting be evenly divided among all fit Canadian men.

The matter of total conscription cannot fail to be an important factor in the morale of the fighting men. The voluntary system has been in effect since March of 1941, when conscription for home defence was introduced: there are still 68,500 men kept busy defending Canada. It is universally apparent that the need for this is past.

As this number of The Gateway goes to press the issue hangs fire all across the Dominion, awaiting Wednesday's discussion in the House of Commons. Whatever the outcome, students are invited to express themselves in these columns. A non-de-plume may be used, providing the editor receives the name of the writer as evidence of good faith.

V-Day Views

The people of Edmonton are planning for V-Day, for holidays and celebrations for the day we win the war. Are we not a little premature in turning our minds to thoughts of peace when there is still such a turmoil of fighting over the Arnheim? Wouldn't it be better if we

were still turning our minds wholeheartedly to thoughts of winning the peace first? The boys who are fighting overseas and can see the prospects as they really stand, definitely do not think that peace is near enough to warrant such planning. A few letters from which these excerpts were taken, are right from the fighting lines:

"I notice much less talk in the news now about how near the end of the war is. It is a good thing, too. People are so much more likely to win the peace if, instead of having it stop with a bang and having a sober realization, after a bitter struggle, that it is all over. What with V-Day committees and the countless optimists, if the war ended tomorrow, half the nation would get drunk, many would go to church, but two days later they'd all have forgotten their hate of the enemy in the joy of armistice. To my mind, that would lose the peace. People must appreciate the armistice when it comes, without losing sight of their hatred. They must not forgive. I am not being cruel or cold-blooded when I say that—people must see that it is the only way that peace can be won. Italy is an example—there seems to be a current feeling that 'poor oppressed Italy under the German thumb is being liberated.' I think we should remember Ethiopia and Spain, then see if we want Italy 'liberated'."

From another letter:

"The people of Edmonton are making plans for V-Day—funny,

when you yourself, see and know, how utterly the 'Boche' is contesting every inch of soil we take. It only takes a show like Arnheim to make people realize that the Hun has plenty of punch left, and before we have completely occupied Germany many more of us will fall, never to rise."

"... finally we moved up to Minigen and moved up the Rhine to meet the lads coming out—what was left of them—but it is a morbid story, so we will forget it—not forget it, never—but we will put it aside for a moment and talk of brighter things."

"... I, myself, sat for 3 days on the south side of the Rhine, 150 yards away from the lads waiting to bring my party over to give them much needed help in food and ammunition, etc. ... when our forces formed contact ... but the 'Boche' had the bridge and it was impossible ..."

For these men, victory over Germany does not mean the end of the war. Their thoughts immediately turn to Japan and Burma.

"Now the great job is to reform the divisions so that they can fight again and strike another blow, probably at the Japs. The training should be intensive, so the time should go fast and soon we will be sweltering under a blazing Burma sun. ..."

These excerpts should tell their own story, and help us decide whether or not we should be thinking about peace.

Just a Thought

By J. E. Gander

One of the criticisms of the democratic countries after the last war was that public opinion was too apathetic toward the affairs of the rest of the world. United States is singled out as the foremost example of isolationism in the twenty-five year period after the last war; but Great Britain was also criticized. Canada was criticized when anyone considered that the Dominion was of sufficient importance to waste breath or print on. The main argument that came to light when the present war obviously could not be prevented, and this persisted since that time is that this conflict could have been prevented if the democracies had been prepared to act at decisive periods throughout the inter-war period. The League of Nations was a powerless organization.

Speculation is going on now concerning the power of the United Nations Assembly and Security Council as set up at Dumbarton Oaks. Of the many factors involved, two stand out for immediate discussion.

The first concerns the moral right of the Big Three, Four, or Five or dominate the Council and hence, if they desire, and if they can agree, the rest of the world. International democracy is a fine thing, but as yet it is an impractical ideal. Most

nations that uphold it do so as a means of protection to make up for the lack of strength that prevents them from being Great Powers. If aggression is to be prevented in the future, action must be taken to "slap the wrist" of any potential aggressor. Such action can only be taken by the Great Powers. National morality is more important at the moment than international ethics. The smaller nations should not demand an equal voice, but should ask only that the voice that they have in the Assembly be listened to by the dominating powers, and that those powers respect the rights of weaker countries. Because of the overwhelming proportion of the responsibility which must be borne by Britain, United States and Russia, they certainly have a right to decide how that responsibility is going to operate. Pray only that they are moral nations, and that they do not hesitate to use that power when they consider that the situation demands its use.

Regionalism is the second highly controversial point referred to above. Should there be spheres of influence? Can they be avoided? Should they be rigid? Should they be superior to the Central authority? Will there grow up a system of regional balancing of power? What affairs are regional and what are

international? Can a power belong to more than one regional group at one time? Can it change from one group to another? Will regionalism decide the election of non-permanent members to the Council? These questions are a few of the many.

Where does Canada fit into a regional picture? Where does Canada fit into a power line-up? Is Canada a Great Power or a Small Power? As Macadam once said, "In a country so diverse as Canada, only one policy can unite all the various factions and sections of opinion. That is the policy of 'Canada First.' On that foundation great things may be expected of this great small Power. She might even become a small great Power."

The word "even" is an insult if all sections of Canada pursue the policy of "Canada First." There would then be no doubt that Canada would become a small great Power; eventually becoming a great great Power.

There is one other controversy upon which I hope someone will submit some ideas. That is, "Can Canada (or any country) become a truly great, powerful, country without a severe trial of suffering and crisis?" That is, "To what extent is distress and trouble a progressive force? Does it 'speed up' evolution? Is Canada facing such a period of trial?"

"I don't think I look thirty, do I, dear?"

"No, darling, not now. You used to."

what a weekend

Well, here we are all in one piece after that gorgeous week-end when we girls let down our hair, left the inhibitions under the bed, and took the most direct path between us and A Man. We think everybody had a pretty good time out of that week-end—but if you'll excuse the beefing, we've got just a few words to say on the subject—the subject being, namely, that we feel we were robbed.

It all started Friday morning when, with knees buckling with fear we asked that beautiful, beautiful senior we've never dared to even speak to, to go to Tuck. All and good, you say? Sure, sure—all well and good—until five other women saw us and just naturally drifted over to our table. Well, that's that—all we got out of the bargain was the expense—by the time we got back to that table with a coke and four doughnuts for the handsome hero, who didn't get that build by chance by the way, all that was left was a seat in the third row. Now, I'm not complaining about that—after all, all's fair on Sadie Hawkins Week-end—we just pulled in our belt a notch, ground the bicusps together firmly, took a deep breath, and sailed right straight back to the Arts building to find us another dream man for the show Friday night. Well, we found the man—and he was pretty nice, too—but why don't these he-men eat any dinner before they go out! You see, it was this way—off we trudged to the show—me on the outside throwing doors open right and left, which they tell me is the way it goes—and we get to the theatre just a half-hour early. You can guess the rest—"Just time for a little something to eat," said our handsome hero—and those words hit the all-time high for understatement. A little something to eat—one club steak with all the trimmings—our little wallet de-

flating with every bite. But we're not complaining—not us—all in the spirit of the thing, so into the show the two of us trot and get ringside seats right where we can see the whole works. Everything looks rosy—my dream man's having fun—I'm having fun. What happens!—there's a stage show and a very neat little lady sails onto the stage—that did it—we get banged into the category of the simple soul who pays for steaks while the big date hangs out of his seat looking at this female until for no more than two cents I would have rushed right up on that stage and strangled the woman. But that's life—and I'm not complaining—a little annoyed maybe, but not mad about things—that is, not yet! The evening went from bad to worse with the big date never taking his eyes off this girl on the stage, talking about her straight through two more steaks at Joan's, and then topping off the evening by asking me to find out who she was.

Arriving home, I counted to four thousand at the door and was still mightily annoyed, so decided there was no point in trying to cool off, and went up and lit into my poor defenseless roommate about the drawbacks of Waw-waw Week-end. Well, I got to the episode of the cute actress and my roommate began to giggle in a way only roommates can giggle when you feel like killing anyone in general and your roommate in particular—I guess the girl realized that I was just a little annoyed, shall we say, so she stopped long enough to tell me that the handsome actress was none other than the campus hero I had been going to take out Saturday night. That did it—Saturday night found me at home with Polly Ec., and no more campus heroes for me—and no more Waw-waw. I'm not complaining still—I'm just saying you have your fun and I'll have mine—but for this kid no more Waw-waw!

Theatre Directory

DREAMLAND—Thurs.-Sat., "See Here Private Hargrove," also "Find a Blackmailer." Mon.-Wed., "Flesh and Fantasy," Wed.-Fri., "Follow the Boys," also "Vigilantes Ride."

EMPRESS—Fri.-Mon., "Are These Our Parents," also "Johnny Doesn't Live Here Anymore." Tues.-Thurs., "Crook's Tours," also "The Unwritten Code."

PRINCESS — Thurs., Fri., Sat., "Destroyer," with Edward G. Robinson, Marguerite Chapman; also "Frontier Badman," with Noah Berry Jr. Mon., Tues., Wed., "The Man from Down Under," with Charles Laughton, Binnie Barnes; also "Whistling in Brooklyn," with Red Skelton, Ann Rutherford.

RIALTO—Fri.-Mon., "Oh! Suzanne," with Gene Autry, also "Moonlight and Cactus," with the Andrews Sisters. Tues.-Thurs., "Invisible Man's Revenge," also "Mummy's Ghost," double horror picture.

STRAND—Fri.-Mon., "Salute to the Marines," with Wallace Beery; added, "Blocked Trail." Tues.-Thurs., "I Dood It," with Red Skelton and Eleanor Powell; also "Ladies Courageous."

VARSCONA—Sat.-Tues., "The Ghost Goes West," also "Pack Up Your Troubles." Wed.-Fri., "Chip of the Old Block," also "Batan."



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GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

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W.A.A. Sizes up Athletics to Date

Report Turnouts Beyond All Hopes

Not so long ago all the co-eds were herded into one of those compulsory general meetings of the W.A.A. to hear the high-blown plans for the coming year. Now, after two months have gone by, it's good to know that things aren't only hanging in the air in the form of ideas, planner's enthusiasm, and hope for success, but that the Interfac program is, in its own unique way, proving very interesting. We almost slipped and said "smoothly running along," but such could not allow for the bulging sides of a few of the Interfac clubs. It is good to give the "it's like pulling teeth to get people out" line a rest, but on the other hand, we hate to think of people floating over the edge of the Y.M.C.A. pool because too many people are taking their ducking at the same time. Then, too, we can't bear the thought of the poor Archers being reduced to twig and string bows and cardboard or tin-can targets, but then with 85 people out to shoot, one can't have everything the best. Overlooking the fact that the poor girl's lips and fingers get

:: SLIDE-RULE SLANTS ::

We have come to one gigantic conclusion—the only two ways to write up a column is the right way and the way the Meds did it. Just because the Meds are used to butchering, they didn't have to carry this practice into Journalism and ham up the most popular column in The Gateway. Their scapels may be keen, but their wit is about as sharp as the blunt end of a mashed potato, or shall we say, they're sharp as a tack, but their heads are just as flat.

Speaking of Meds, did you hear about the fourth year Med who thought that the phrase "No Kidding" was a birth control slogan?

On thumbing through the Temperance Society's files last week, looking for that decimal point in prohibition (damn that slide rule), I happened upon this case history. It seems that in the early days of the temperance cause, the Aggies were always on the lookout for evidence as to the physical advantages of total abstinence. Having heard of an old man who had attained the ripe old age of ninety-six and had never touched a drop of liquor, a committee of manure maulers was rushed to his home to get his sworn testimony to that effect.

Propping him up in bed, they guided the feeble, trembling old hand along the dotted line. They were interrupted, however, by a violent disturbance in the next room—scuffling of feet, falling of heavy furniture, and breaking of crockery.

"Holy carrots, what's that?" gasped an Aggie. "Oh," whispered the old man, as he sat back exhausted from his effort, "That's paw. He's just back from an Engineers' Reunion and, damn it, he's drunk again!"

blue while playing in the c-o-l-d drill hall, and that a few hardy players (as well as the central check men) eat apples for supper in order to squeeze practices in, the sport program is up to bar, and better.

Volleyball After Christmas

Interfac basketball, believe it or not, is undergoing a metamorphosis from amateur rugby to a semblance of co-operative and skillful basketball, under the guiding hand and cheerful disposition of Coach Tommy McClocklin. The feuds in volleyball will begin after Christmas for those who are left. We may have to reduce the teams to three or four each, mind you, but if we're all in the same boat . . . !

Old you know that fencing was at one time U. of A.'s most popular club? And did you know that fencing reduces and makes graceful even the most clumsy and awkward? Why it was more popular in times past, we can't figure out. However, the club is growing again, so that at present about 35 ardent learners are being trained in the art of fencing. So if you're graceful, come out and try your hand at it; if you're clumsy, come out anyway—they'll knock off the edges.

Large Badminton Turnouts

The turn out for badminton could not be better, and we hope that new players are catching on. The sharks who have been at it for years are faced with a real problem, we know—that of hitting back all the birds that aren't returned. It's like biting on something that isn't there, but we only hope that balanced match-ing can be arranged as far as possible.

Tennis and track are chalked up on the wall already, and those much-treasured points all banked towards

Remember, fellows, that no freshette can be a straight shooter when she is full of curves. Personally, the worse shot she is, the better!

N.B., N.B., N.B.—Engineers! Don't by any means forget to shop early for December the first—that is, make yourselves dates pronto with those sweet little bits of feminine pulchritude that dragged you to the big Waw-waw dance last week. The reason? Why, the Engineers' Informal Party is scheduled for the first of December in Con. Hall, and promises to be bigger and better than ever. The latest communique from the front states that entertainment operations will be under the command of Field Marshal McCracken, and among other things of a highly entertaining nature, including dancing, will be a slide rule race for the purpose of crowning the Slide Rule King. This will be one time when the old water-cooled integrating Log Log Duplex Decitrig slither sliver will really come into its own when it tangles with the mathematical problem being dreamed up by Professor I. F. Morrison. The city fire department will be standing by to deal with any overheated slide rules, so have no fears. Watch your local bulletin boards and S.R.S. for further details.

Here's one for the Scotties:

McTavish was engaged in a hot argument with a conductor as to whether the fare was 5c or 10c. Finally the enraged conductor picked up the Scot's suitcase and tossed it off the car as it passed over the High Level Bridge.

"Mon," screamed McTavish, "it isn't enough to try to overcharge me, but now you try to drown my little boy!"

Engineers and Arts-Ed Romp To Easy Interfac Victories

Kirkoff Sensational With 24 Points

ARTS-ED vs. AGGIES

In the first game of the evening, Arts-Ed, substituting for the Dents, pushed the farmers back repeatedly and thoroughly, to end up on the heavy end of a 30-14 score.

In this tussle, Gibb and Anderson led the Arts-Ed team down to the wire with 10 points apiece, while Hoffman proved to be the big gun for the outclassed Aggies with 6 points. In the first half, Arts-Ed outplayed Aggies to the tune of 22-8, but in the second half Ags held their opponents down to 8 points while scoring 6 themselves.

Lineups:

Arts-Ed.—Erdman 2, Gibb 10, Shields 5, Burnham 3, Anderson 10—Total 30.

Aggies—Hoffman 6, Barnes 2, McGinnis 2, Erdman 4, Saito, Purnell—Total 14.

the obtaining of the prized rose-bowl. The education girls seemed to be off ahead of the gun again this year, with first place in track and second place in tennis. They surrendered first in Interfac tennis to none other than the girls in pink and white—the Nurses.

Surely you've all read about the big game in Senior basketball this coming Friday night at McDougall School. They are starring Noel McDonald, and we're starring—well, Callaway, Kryss, Hole, Dunlop, Causey, and a few other up-to-the-minute players. By way of digression: how about coming out to cheer? You know Niagara Falls was made up of drops of water, and U. of A. team morale is kept up by your little ooze of enthusiasm.

Interfac Competition Keen

All in all, Interfac competition is becoming keener with every passing game and tournament. There are five faculties in the running: Arts-Com-Law, Science-Med-Pharmacy, Nurses, Education and House Ec., and one of these has to win.

Little has been said about individual awards, but there are such things for all deserving participants who get in and make a good job of it. The basis of award is undergoing some revision at present, and will be posted and published when all the little details are straightened out.

These are nice to think about, but nicer still to have crystallized, so let's see you in the swing of things, donning your faculty colors!

ENGINEERS vs. MEDS

In the second game of the evening the Eng. completely outplayed the Meds 44-14, with both teams getting pretty badly mauled in the process.

The first half saw a fast-breaking Eng. team swarm all over Meds to take a commanding 20-6 lead, while the second half saw them do even better in garnering 24 points to Meds' 8.

For the Meds, Spackman and Gilchrist had 6 apiece, but neither could hit the basket, with any consistency whatsoever. Engineers were sparked by Kirkoff with 24 points; second man was Lesk with 8.

The game was characterized by a tendency on the part of the Meds to make long, erratic passes and Eng. likewise long, inaccurate shots. Weak checking gave the Eng. many set-up shots at the basket, which shots were often wasted by ill-placed, hasty shooting.

Lineups:

Engineers—Kirkoff 24, McKay 5, Francis, Carswell, Murray 5, Nyberg 2, Brady, Low, Lesk 8—Total 44.

Meds—Spackman 6, Hepburn, Gilchrist 6, Taylor 2, Benedict—Total 14.

What's The Score?

Plans for further Intervarsity competition, both athletic and otherwise, are slowly forming, and are providing headaches for those arranging them. At the W.C.I.A.U. conference in Saskatoon last spring, Manitoba was lured back into the picture by promises of a swimming meet in Manitoba. The U. of M. would send a men's basketball team through to Alberta. This seemed to be a satisfactory arrangement. It was the only basis on which Manitoba would stir itself regarding the Western Conference.

However, there are some in Alberta who entertain doubts on this scheme. Certainly the Swimming Club does not; but it is felt by many that girls' basketball should get a break, and be given a chance to travel to Saskatoon. This year might be a good one to have Alberta take on the Huskies. The calibre in past years has been somewhat short of top-notch; this year will probably see a different story.

There is little use arguing. It has to be one or the other. Manitoba was promised swimming. At the time, Alberta swimming prospects looked good. They still do. The Men's Athletic Board, in particular, feels bound to carry out the schedule drawn up last spring. We feel that their stand is the proper one. Saskatoon, with more bulging coffers, might conceivably send both men's and women's basketball to Alberta.

As plans materialize, they will appear in forthcoming Gateways.

The Golden Bears hit a fast clip in the curtain raiser of the city senior hoop league the other night. Freshmen Don Wooley and Don Steed were particularly impressive in their first time out. Maybe the league isn't as tough as last year's, maybe the Golden Bears are better. At any rate, we are prepared to go out on the limb a ways and say that under Coach Vi Wood and Manager Ed Patching the '44-'45 model of the Green and Gold will come under the wire very close to, if not actually, the leaders.

Boxing and wrestling and fencing are happy now that they are able to use St. Joe's gym. They will be there until Christmas at least. The plight of the Archery Club, however, is one of concern to the athletic authorities. St. Joe's gym is too small and the Drill Hall is too cold. Perhaps they will show what stuff the club is made of by hanging on another month and hoping for better things after Christmas—Athabasca gym, for instance. Other facilities are being investigated in the interim, but the immediate outlook for Archery is dim.

Freshman Don Wooley Leads Green & Gold With 14 Points

By Reed Shields

The Golden Bears started the season on the right foot by trimming the 49th Battalion 44-18. Playing an advanced schedule game to eliminate the game listed for Dec. 18, the Bears gave the fans at Nonsuch a fine exhibition of good, fast basketball technique. Varsity took possession of the ball from the tipoff and held the play in the 49th's zone, until Al Manifold opened the shooting season, with a quick flip from under the basket. Phil Proctor and Don Wooley following in rapid succession, to put the Bears in front 6-0. Clever ball handling and

passing kept the army boys scoreless for the first six minutes, then Wood and Savage put the 49th on the scoring sheet on two successive plays. About this time Wooley again caught the range from the corner, and started to pile up his total to top the scorers with 14 points, followed closely by 8 for Proctor. The first quarter ended 10-4 for the Bears.

In the second, the 49th got the jump on the Green and Gold to score two field baskets before Manifold opened things up for Varsity. Wooley scored twice from the corner, with looping arches that didn't touch the hoop. Coach Vi changed players and the 49th called two time-outs. Heavy checking slowed up the game and both teams missed several set-ups. Manifold intercepted the Army's passes, and Proctor cornered the rebounds to stop the 49th rallies. As the whistle sounded at half-time, the score read 16-10 for the Bears.

The third quarter was Varsity's field day, with everybody taking his scoring turn. Del Steed opened first. Proctor dropped a long one, Manifold missed two free ones. (Moose complained that somebody moved the basket at least a foot), and for nine minutes the Bears held the 49th scoreless, while they garnered 16 points for themselves. Probably one of the best displays of good basketball that will be witnessed this season was demonstrated in that third quarter. In the last minute of play Bodner tallied once on Manifold's foul. The Bears' floor play was fast and snappy, their passes clicked, and at no time did Coach McClocklin's 49th Battalion pierce the Varsity defence. The quarter ended 32-11 for Varsity.

Fourth quarter playing evened up, as the 49th went on the offensive. Vi Wood changed players, using all nine men in the game. Nori Nishio tallied from the tipoff, with Scott retaliating for the Army, while Eric Geddes and Reed Payne each found the hoop for the Green and Gold. Bert Hall broke away for a set-up, but couldn't control the ball, and was called for progressing. In the final minutes of play the 49th scored twice and made good a free throw. Nishio was fouled as the whistle blew, but failed to make it good on his gift shot. Varsity outplayed the 49th in the last quarter 12 to 7, with

the final score 44-18. Coach Vi Wood used all nine of his men with everyone playing at least one full quarter, and all entering the scoring column.

Varsity was clicking, play was fast, and the boys worked. Don Wooley assumed the Dead-eye Dick role. Proctor as pivot man stood out with eight points, and the Del Steed-Al Manifold guard line stopped the Army counterattacks cold. Foul shots were weak with a percentage of zero. Five tries and five misses for the U. of A., while the 49th scored two out of four.

Scoring summary:
49th Battalion—McClonkin, Scott 3, Fleming 4, Rogan, Bodner 3, Greenwood, Savage 4, MacLeod 2, Wood 2—Total 18, with 5 personal fouls.

Golden Bears—Al Manifold 4, Del Steed 4, Phil Proctor 8, Don Wooley 14, Don Steed 2, Bert Hall 4, Nori Nishio 4, Reed Payne 2, Eric Geddes 2—Total 44, with 4 personal fouls and 1 technical.

Officials: Fallow and DeFrane.

MANITOBA STUDENT

(Continued from Page 1)

for a dance by a rather meek-looking Freshman. But I soon learned that he was meek in appearance only because he was bursting with enthusiasm for Engineering. He is not at this University now as due to his father's health his family was forced to move to the Southern United States, where he is continuing his studies. I was amazed at the broadminded outlook that he had. Here are his words as nearly as I can recall them: "Engineering is a swell course. Just look at what engineering has accomplished up to the present; highways, railways, bridges, dams, skyscrapers, accurate surveys of land, automobiles, modern electrical contrivances, radio, telegraph, and machines of all kinds. And we are going to go still farther. Look at all the weapons invented by men of engineering ability. Why, they are winning the war for us. Where would we be without the airplane, the tank, the big guns, and now jet-propelled airplanes, and radar. Don't you think an Engineer is a great contribution to mankind?"

That is not all he said, but it gives one a very good idea of what this Freshman Engineer thinks of his course. Comparing this Freshman's ideas with the answers I obtained from a Third Year Science student and a Fourth Year Arts student has set me to wondering. Why are all those people in Arts and Science taking those courses?

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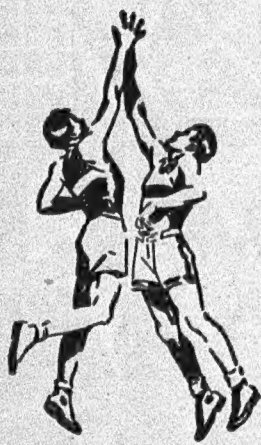
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